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The dolce-amara from above,  
Sweet solaces, allied to woe.

Give us to feel, Oh, God! avert  
Insensibility's dull reign;  
Give us to feel, e'en though the pain  
Of feeling rend the heart in twain.

These deep, these solemn-sounding airs,  
Those o'er the heart which lightly fly,  
Mix'd by that hand that tun'd the spheres,  
Compose the general harmony.

S.A.

---

THE MOTHER.

WITH ardent hope, and fond desire,  
I bid this little chapel rise,  
To kindle here the sacred fire  
I ow'd to all the charities.

Here will we build, my mate and I,  
(I thought), the dear domestic nest,  
Bless God for blessings snatched away,  
And thankfully enjoy the rest.

Fond thought, conceiv'd in flattering hour,  
The halcyon builds upon the wave,  
The storms arise, the gulfs devour,  
And unavailing prayer to save.

One darling sav'd, I reach'd the shore,  
With wild emotion call'd my son:  
He's fled, but in his place appear  
The angel RESIGNATION.

S.A.

---

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 19.

"O Fons Bandusia, splendidior vitro," &c.

FOUNTAIN Bandusia, more clear than  
glass,  
Worthy of richest nectar, crown'd with  
flowers:  
To-morrow in thy name a kid shall bleed,  
Whose forehead rough with newly bud-  
ding horns,  
On Venus meditates, and many a war,  
In vain: for soon this firstling of the herd  
Shall tinge with his red blood the gelid  
stream,  
The flaming dog-star in his deadliest hour  
Dares not profane thy consecrated seat:  
Thou to the oxen weary with the plough,  
And to the vagrant flock with heat op-  
press'd,  
Suppliest the pleasant cool. Thou too  
shalt rank

Among the noble fountains, when I sing  
The oak that overshades the cavern'd  
rocks,  
Down which thy ever-babbling waters  
bound.

C.E.

---

EPICRAMMATIC DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF A  
FAVOURITE CAT, WHO DIED, AGED EIGHT  
YEARS AND TEN MONTHS.

POOR Bossy died this day,  
She liv'd as long as she could,  
Oh! had she liv'd till May,  
She had made the saying good.

Poor Bossy had twice four years run,  
Had life not been shorten'd by fate,  
(For a life count a course of the sun.)  
She had liv'd her nine lives complete.

PATHOS.

---

SELECTED POETRY.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

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GENTLEMEN,

THE following song appeared in the  
papers about two years ago, in a very dif-  
ferent form; and perhaps I would not have  
thought any more about it, if I had not  
been informed lately, that it had been pub-  
lished in an American paper. I own I was  
a little flattered by the account; but as it  
contained some expressions that I wished  
corrected, I have taken the liberty of send-  
ing it to you, requesting, if you think it  
worthy of insertion, a corner of the Bel-  
fast Magazine. I confess I would be high-  
ly gratified to find they had obtained your  
approbation.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

J. GETTY.

Ballytresna, March 15th, 1813.

A SONG.

Tune, "Humours of Glen."

How fresh is the rose in the gay dewy  
morning,  
That peeps with a smile o'er yon eastern  
hill!  
How fair is the lily our gardens adorn-  
ing!  
And fresh is the daisy that blooms by  
the rill!